77 Lords Coffee House March 9

POEMS

11630. c. 4
13

AND

ODES

After the Manner of ANACREON.

By T—— E——

[illegible] NOSTRA Carmina, [illegible]

Ovid.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year MDCCLVI.

POEMS

AND

ODES,

After the Manner of ANACREON.

By T—— B——.

Et Mihi, quæ fit NOSTRA Corinna, regat.
Ovid.

LONDON:
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TO

His ROYAL HIGHNESS

WILLIAM,

DUKE of CUMBERLAND, &c. &c. &c.

I Took my Lyre, and thought to ſound
Some godlike Prince with Laurels crown'd.
Billy, began the Martial Air,
With war-tan'd Cheek, and wind-blown Hair.
Prince *Eugene*'s March I then would play,
My Rebel Finger ſpurn'd the Lay,
And Traytor-like unthought of ſtole
To " Soft Invader of my Soul."

Vex'd, I new ſtrung my love-warp'd Lyre,
And ſkrew'd each Chord an Octave higher;
And now methought my * cunning Hand
Might ſound " the Wars of *Cumberland*."
But, as if all the World ſhould know
I ſtole my Strings from *Cupid*'s Bow,
The tell-tale Lyre, with ſhrill Tone,
Still ſang of Love, and Love alone.
Adieu! Thou riſing Sun of Fame!
No more I ſing thy Warrior Name.
A *William Dettingen* requires
A Trumpet's Voice, and not the Lyre's.
Then pour, ye Tubes, your ſilver Throat,
While from my Chords I breath a Note,
A Note ſo ſoft, that it ſhall prove
My Hero, nay my God, is LOVE.

* *May my Right Hand forget her Cunning.* Ps. cxxxvii.

To

To the FAIR SEX.

NATURE (to ſhew that ſcarce-known Art
How we our Favours ſhou'd impart)
With Strength the Bull's curl'd Forehead horn'd;
With Flint-like Hoofs the Horſe adorn'd.
And while the Lion roar'd for Prey,
The Hare ſecure ran ſwift away.
Birds in their Pinions found a Friend,
Fiſhes upon their Fins depend;
And Man, who ſhould this World controul,
Was deep intrench'd in his own Soul.
What then had Nature to beſtow
To guard weak Woman from her Foe?
Oh, think not Providence unkind!
Or Nature to her Sex purblind;
To Woman ſhe ſuch Beauty gave,
That ALL CREATION is her Slave.

On LOVE.

'TWAS Night, and all the Winds and Hail
Broke looſe in Uproar from their Jail.
Boötes, with contracted Reign,
Was hurrying round his Bear-drawn Waine.
The buſy World, with Toil oppreſs'd,
Was ſleeping in the Sheets of Reſt;
When *Cupid* made a piteous Roar,
The Hammer thund'ring at my Door.

Diſturb'd, I in a Paſſion riſe,
And ask the Meaning of this Noiſe?
When the arch Rogue makes this Reply,
Open the Door, 'tis only I.
You've nothing from a Child to fear,
Whom the dark Night miſguided here;
Half-ſtarv'd, and wet, Sir, to the Skin,
I crave your Worſhip let me in.

Nor needed my Compaſſion more——
I took my Candle to the Door,

And ſtraight a pretty Boy was ſeen,
(A Boy, that yet ſcarce ſeem'd fourteen)
Nor did I the loſt Urchin know,
Tho' ſeen his Quiver, Wings, and Bow.
I welcome him, and thus deſire,
" My pretty Gueſt, draw near the Fire."
His little Hands, benumb'd with Cold,
Between my warming Hands I hold.
Then fetch a Cloth, and rub his Hair,
Wet with the midnight Storms of Air.

But when this Boſom-Serpent felt
His frozen Blood begin to melt,
Caſting at me a ſneering Eye,
Sir, with your Leave, ſays he, I'll try,
If the late Storms of Hail, and Snow
Have hurt my Bow-ſtring or my Bow.

Straight the bent Yew whiz'd forth a Dart,
Like Lightning quick it pierc'd my Heart;
While giggling, ſwift away he flew,
With " Thank ye, Sir," and this Adieu;

" Unhurt,

" Unhurt I find my String and Bow,
" I wiſh you find your Heart is ſo."

LOVE *and* WINE.

WHERE reſpires the Damaſk Roſe,
Where the red-ſtrip'd Woodbine grows,
Where the Jeſſmins fair and ſweet
With there Siſter-Lillies meet,
Where perfumes the red-ey'd Pink,
There I'll lay me down and drink.
Love, my Waiter there ſhall be,
Ganymede, inſtead of Thee.
Bring the Apron here in haſte,
Tie it round his Godſhip's Waſte,
That, when for the Flaſk I ring,
Cupid may the Nectar bring.
Tö Pan! How bleſt am I?
See, my Draw'r has Wings to fly.
I'm too loyal ere to think
Interregnums ſafe in Drink.

Iö Pan! How bleſt am I!
See, my Draw'r has Wings to fly!
Iö! Love out-flies the Sun,
Ganymede cou'd only run.

When I'm bosky, and I reel,
Then, methinks, that Life's a Wheel:
Round and round it ſwiftly turns,
'Till with its own Fire it burns,
Whirling to primæval Duſt,
As We jolly Mortals muſt.

But ere yet arrives that Day,
Let me drink dull Care away.
Bring me firſt my Tuba-Roſe,
Let me ſmell it as it grows.
Let me *Cupid*, lovely Boy,
While I've Life, that Life enjoy.
But ſans Woman Life's a Pain;
Porter—fetch me *Sally Lane*.

The ROSE.

ROSE, the Glory of the Spring,
Thee my Lyre intends to ſing.
Lovely Flow'r, the Loves agree,
They're no Loves depriv'd of thee.
Bacchus too conſents alone
Thy Perfumes excel his own.
From yon Vine that Elm divorce,
Tear it up with all your Force;
Let the Roſe around it twine,
Cloſely their Embraces join,
Till its bluſhing Cheeks diſcloſe
That the Grape has kiſs'd the Roſe.
And, oh *Bacchus*, grant my Suit,
Let your Vint'ner preſs the Fruit;
In whoſe Pulp the Roſe and Vine
Their mix'd Eſſences combine.
Vint'ner preſs me juſt one Glaſs,
That (in Flavours which ſurpaſs

Cyprus,

Cyprus, *Cape*, or brisk *Champaign*)
I may drink my *Sally Lane*.

Roſe, ſublimely ſweet and fair!
Roſe, the Spring's peculiar Care!
Lovely Roſe! ſupream Delight!
Thee the feſtive Gods invite,
When the Nectar makes them ſing,
And the Heav'ns with *Io*'s ring.
But they tell me by the by
(Nor can I ſuppoſe a Lye)
There when Plenty pours her Horn,
Forth, you fall without your Thorn.

Lovely Roſe! how bleſt the Bee,
That alone has raviſh'd Thee.
On thy Breaſt entranc'd he lay
Sucking Honey, ſweet as they.
With his Gimblet bor'd a Hole,
There thy Virgin-Sweets he ſtole;
But forgive a Rape ſo kind,
Since it left no Sting behind.

Lovely Roſe! the wanton Boy
When he means his fav'rite Joy,
'Tis not (ſweeteſt Flow'r!) that He
Dances with the Graces three,
But with roſey Chaplets crown'd
When he foots the noiſy Ground,
His ſole Joy, we all agree,
Is, that he is crown'd with Thee.
And if, in my Laurel's Stead,
Thou wilt crown thy Poet's Head,
He ſhall lyre thy Beauty's Praiſe,
Bacchus will approve his Lays,
While the jovial ranting Throng
All in Chorus join the Song.
Hark! *Da-Capo Pæans* ſing
" Roſe, the Glory of the Spring."

From the ITALIAN.

IF 'tis ſo ſweet a Sin to kiſs,
And if that Sin we muſt not try:
Say, how imperfect Nature is
That cannot with her Laws comply!
Or ſay how hard theſe Laws muſt preſs,
Which Nature cannot but tranſgreſs!

To MYRA. *From the* Italian.

HAPPY the Youth, whoſe ſole Deſire
Is but to ſee Thee, and admire.
Yet happier much th' enamour'd Boy
Who heaves for Thee the tender Sigh.
But happieſt of the happy Three,
Who ſighing ſteals a Sigh from Thee.

Inſtructions to Hoare, *to draw* MYRA's *Picture.*

COME, my *Hoare*, in wanton Taſte,
Mix the medley-colour'd Paſte,
For your Art muſt now diſplay
Nature's Maſter-piece of Clay.

Paint the Nymph, who gently ſtole
By ſweet Witchcraft to my Soul.
There ſhe lurk'd by Night and Day,
Till ſhe ſtole my Heart away.

Let me firſt her Locks adore,
Such as *Henry's Emma* wore.
On her Neck the Ringlets play'd,
Henry ſaw, and lov'd the Maid.

Make her Cheeks with Bluſhes glow,
Such as in thy SEASONS ſhew.
Thoſe I'd rather mean to ſing
Bluſhing on the Cheeks of Spring.

Let her Eyes a Brightneſs beam,
Like the ſun-reflecting Stream.

Dye

Dye them with a lively Jet,
Waſh'd in Milk, and fitly ſet.

Make her Lips pout forth to mine,
Aſking Kiſſes, dropping Wine.
But to make me happier ſtill,
Make them ſeem to ſay "I will."

Let the thin tranſparent Lawn
O'er her ſnowy Breaſt be drawn,
Thro' the Blind, that I may ſpy
What might elſe outglare the Eye.

Underneath the Gold-wrought Gown
Let her ſmalleſt Feet be ſhewn;
Smaller ſure were never ſeen,
Once tho' Fairies trip'd the Green.

Here thy flighty Fancy check,
And tho' Silence cannot ſpeak,
Yet the Colours ſhall declare
Both the Painter and the Fair.

The DENIAL *not taken.*

SHOU'D *Myra* barely once but bid me go,
And raſhly ruſh amidſt the Rebel-Foe;
Or burn that † Pile, whoſe Mitre cannot riſe,
(That ſacred Pile, for there black *Henry* lies!)
Nay ſhou'd ſhe bid me ſtop Life's purple Spring
Or to myſelf, my Father, or my King;
I'd kiſs the joy'd Commiſſion from her Hands,
And boldly execute her juſt Commands.

But ſhou'd the Nymph a thouſand Times declare
I muſt deſiſt, or what is worſe, deſpair!
Tho' my Misfortunes were in Heav'n decreed,
And tho' I knew I never ſhou'd ſucceed,
Yet while I've Breath her Rhetoric were vain,
For I will winter out Love's cold Campaign.

† Canterbury.

To MYRA.

I. WHAT? tho' my much-wrong'd Pedigree I trace,
From Princely Blood, and bear its Arms and †Name.
Princely---ere yet the *Norman*, Harlot Race
Polluted *Albion*'s fair-defcended Fame.

II. Tho' *Cæſar*'s Legions cou'd not *Wales* ſubdue,
Yet vaunt I not my Birth, or Courage brave.
Truſt me, my *Myra*, for it's Goſpel-true,
My greateſt Pride is, that I'm thought your Slave.

The BOWL.

BAGNAL ‡, work me up a Bowl
Big as my capacious Soul;
Make it like a Cradle deep,
In't to rock my Cares aſleep.
Carve thereon no earthly Thing,
Save the Roſe-perfuming Spring.

† Becknock. ‡ *A working Silverſmith in* Smithfield.

Let

Let me there no Cannon ſee,
Nor the Word " Artillery."
For I hate their clam'ring Roar
Since *October* Forty-four,
When the Thunder at the Tow'r
Turn'd a Pipe of Claret ſour.
Let no Stars their Luſtre ſhine,
They're all cruel Foes of mine.
Nor, thou Moon, my Bowl diſgrace
With thy pale, green-Sickneſs Face.
Carve the Sun, the Tipler's Chief,
Pimpled o'er in Baſs-Relief.
(For thoſe Spots our Tubes diſcloſe
Are the Pimples on his Noſe.)
There no Gemini's I'd read,
Except Love and *Ganymede*;
Carv'd not in their Forms divine,
But like Boys that tread the Vine.
Venus on my Bowl I'd ſee,
Riſing naked from the Sea.

Two old Tritons high in Air
On a Shell the Goddeſs bear;
She, not angry from her Soul,
Tho' a wiſtful Look they ſtole.
In her Hand ſhe ſeems to hold
Shreds, that look like liquid Gold.
What ſweet Gales perfume the Air,
Iſſuing from her Amber Hair;
Moiſt, it drops its Amber Show'rs,
(Clearer and more ſweet than ours.)
In my Bowl I'll catch them all,
Ere into the Sea they fall.
And I'll think myſelf divine
When I quaff th' Ambroſial Wine.

The DREAM, *to* MYRA.

AS cautiouſly the Cake was laid
Laſt Night beneath my Maiden-head,

Methought a little buzzing Fly
That often came, and knew not why;
Yet ſtill wou'd come, and flutt'ring caper
Around my lighted waxen Taper.
In vain his Friends might puſh him by,
And bid him not approach too nigh.
He minded not whate'er we'd ſay,
Nor cou'd we force the Mule away.
Till vent'ring always nigh'r and nigh'r
At laſt he ſet his Wings on fire.
The Hint convinc'd me ſoon, that I
Was the well-counſell'd buzzing Fly,
Who heedleſs to my Flame return,
Till all on Fire with Love I burn.

CUPID in WAX.

WALKING where the Scene affords
Nought but Neſts of Humming-Birds.

Or, if more the Fancy pleaſe,
Nought but Swarms of buzzing Bees.
(But more properly to talk)
Walking on the *Iriſh* Walk;
By me there a Stripling ſtands,
A Wax *Cupid* in his Hands.
Straight I ask him with a Smile,
In the merchandizing Style:
" Come, my *Teague*, I prithee ſay
" What's the Price of Wax to Day?"
Faith, replies the waggiſh Rogue,
(Much in the *Kilkenny* Brogue)
By my Shoul I gueſs it's low,
Mine I'll ſell for Nothing *now*;
Nor the little Toy deſpiſe
'Cauſe I ask ſo low a Price;
True each Feature, juſt each Line;
Truſt me, for the Work's not mine:
But the Waxen God I ſell,
'Cauſe I wou'd not with him dwell:

Fain I'd have him fly away,
But he fears th' *Icarian* Ray;
And is not ſo fond of Fame
As to give a Sea his Name.
This, *dear Joy*, is all I crave,
That his Abſence I may have;
That alone my Peace ſecures,
Name your Price, the God is your's.
Straight I bargain with the *Teague*,
While a Guinea binds the League.
And oh *Cupid!* now you're mine,
till I'll offer at your Shrine;
till confeſs your mighty Pow'r;
ut, if in a future Hour,
Vith *your* Fire my Heart you burn,
Mine ſhall melt you in its Turn.

A SONG. To MYRA.

I.

AT *Bath*'s warm-water'd Vale
There dwells a lovely Maid,
Oh cou'd my Pray'rs prevail
To woe her to my Bed.
In hymeneal Sheets
We'd epicure each Hour,
And riot on the Sweets
Of *Cupid*'s fav'rite Flow'r.

II.

Bodies by freſh Supplies
No Diminution know;
Quick from their Fall they riſe,
And weaken'd, ſtronger grow.

Nor does it paſs my Skill,
The Cruiſe (by Heav'n's great Pow'r)
Shou'd, as it empties, fill,
And ne'er exhauſt its Store.

III.

That Cruiſe my Fair-One is,
Nor e'er exhauſts her Art,
With her 'tis always Bliſs
And Extaſy of Heart.
So quick the Charms of Senſe
And Beauty are admir'd,
That we have no Pretence
Or Leiſure to grow tir'd.

The SWALLOW.

TWittering Swallow! for thy Noiſe
What juſt Pain can I deviſe?
Shou'd your Wings my Sciſſars feel,
I muſt ſuffer by the Steel;

For

For with me you'd twitt'ring ſtay,
Pow'rleſs then to fly away.
Shou'd I ('twere myſelf to wrong)
Like your *Tereus* ſlit your Tongue,
Jack-Daw like you'd prate the more,
And ſquawl louder than before;
Shou'd I cut each optic Vein,
Short's the Reſpite I ſhou'd gain:
For if learned Men ſay true,
Sight, tho' loſt, returns to you;
And perhaps I ſoon might find,
Poet-like you ſung when blind.

Chatt'ring Bird! for nothing good!
Hatch'd like Snakes in Dirt and Mud;
Why didſt with thy hiſſing Scream
'Wake me from that heav'nly Dream,
Which cou'd it but true be ſaid,
Myra, thou woud'ſt be no Maid.

LOVE.

CUPID once to me thus ſpoke,
" Come, my *Brecknock*, to my Yoke;
" Thou ſhalt wear its ſofteſt Chain,
" Under me thou firſt ſhalt reign."
Born a *Briton* free and brave,
I diſdain'd the Name of Slave.
And the bribing God refus'd,
Much he thought himſelf abus'd.
Yes—and to reſent the Slight
Needs muſt challenge me to fight.
Straight my dear-bought Sword I take
Dear——for 'twas of *Moody*'s Make.
As the glitt'ring Steel I drew,
Phœbus, it was gilt by you.
Soon my Wriſt performs its Part,
Martin learnt it once his Art.

Nor

Nor ſorgetful how it foil'd.
Fears it now t' attack a Child.
Shortly ends th' unequal Fray,
Love ſhot all his Darts away,
And the firſt *a-longe* I made,
On the Ground the God was laid.
Now methought 'twas Time to fly,
Fearful of a Hue and Cry.
But the God on Malice bent,
When he found his Arrows ſpent;
Proteus-like, nor was it ſtrange
That a God his Form ſhou'd change;
In a Dart himſelf he threw,
To my Heart unſeen it flew;
There it ſtuck-ſtun'd, down I fall
Like a dead-ſtruck Tennis-Ball.
Where is now your Tierce and Quart?
Martin, what avails your Art?
What Defence an outer Guard
When within the War's declar'd?

A SONG. To M

I.

THINK not thou lovely, gentlieſt Maid,
Thou bidſt adieu to eve'ry Bliſs,
When thoſe dear Lips ſhall once have ſaid
The kind, irrevocable Yes.

II.

Say, ſhall't thou feell no ſecret Joy
To've put the Wand'rer in his W.
On me the Proof conſent to try,
For I too long have gone aſtray.

III.

Is it no Flattery, to ſee
Your Beauty's ſweet attractive Pow'r,
Alone cou'd fix the ſprightly Bee,
That's wont to ſiip at ev'ry Flow'r?

IV.

But while you plan the flanting Scheme,
Nor taſte the Nuptial true Delight,
You quit Fruition for a Dream,
The Subſtance for its Shade you ſligh

V.

Root out this Mind's deprav'd Diſeaſe,
Nor fear in Wedlock any Harm,
The Man of Senſe will ever pleaſe,
The beauteous Woman always charm.

VI.

Yet juſt I grant might be your Fear,
Was you ſome ſtupid Drone to wed;
But may that Scene no more appear,
" A *Venus* in a *Vulcan*'s Bed."

JOLLITY.

WHAT care I, who's King of *Spain?*
Or who guides the *Gallic* Reign?
For *Peru* I ne'er ſhall pine,
Nor the *Miſſiſſippi* Mine.
Still, ye Kings, admire your Gold,
Graſp your Globe with anxious Hold.
Bubble-Globe! a Breath of Air,
And not worth a Mortal's Care.
All my Care is to enjoy
The ſweet Minutes as they fly.
But my pamper'd Taſte requires
Change of Pleaſure, elſe it tires.
Hence it is I dance and ſing,
Now I ſtrike the key-mov'd String.
Now I ſweep the *point-won* Bet,
Loſt at Billiards, or Piquet.

Now the ſprightly Wine I pour,
Changing Mirth at every Hour.
How I laugh, while Railers preach
'Gainſt the Grape they cannot reach.
For no Rhet'ric can maintain,
" Pleaſure is in Fact a Pain."
Was it ſo, I'd quit thy Schools,
Epicure, with all its Fools.
Turn-coat, you ſhou'd quickly ſee
I wou'd Doctor STOIC be.
† Jocky-Doctor, (made by Fees)
Without taking my Degrees.
Dub me, Pain, while now you're King,
I'm for Haſte in ev'ry Thing.
Only ſuch as ‡ *Shakeſpear*'s Wight
Hold Procraſtination right.

† They are called Jocky-Doctors, who had their Degrees given them by his late Majeſty, when he paid a Viſit to the Univerſity of *Cambridge*.

‡ He were a Wight, if e'er a Wight there were;
Fit for what?
To ſuckle Fools, and chronicle Small-Beer.
SHAKESPEAR.

'Tis

'Tis a Dogma falſe and vain,
Nay, preſumptuous and profane.
Nor is there a Word I ſwear
Half ſo impious as " defer."
Blot it from our *Engliſh* Tongue,
For we've us'd it much too long.
Dull Delay I ſcorn to own,
NOW is my Companion.
Pot-Companion! who's your Fair?
Toaſt her, we've no Time to ſpare:
For who knows but you or I,
E're we drink the Toaſt, may die.

POETS.

HOMER, in a God-like Strain
Sings of *Troy*, and *Hector* ſlain.
Virgil, with a Fire might burn us,
Paints *Æneas* killing *Turnus*.

But

But not others Wars I bring,
I've my own, and thoſe I ſing.
Horſe nor Foot put me to flight,
No, with them I ſtood the Fight.
Nor (like *Balchen*) in the Sea
Loſt I any *Victory*.
But an Army that was laid
In a natural Ambuſcade,
Took me Pris'ner by Surprize
Ruſhing forth from *Myra*'s Eyes.

J'aime La Liberté.

A SONG.

I.

YOUNG *Daphnis* bleſt with many an Art,
To touch, to melt the Female Heart,
Was often heard to ſay,

From Nymph to Nymph each Day I range,
For, deify'd thro' Choice and Change,
J'aime la Liberté.

II.

A Thouſand Wiles by Time allure,
And Wedlock's Fetters oft ſecure
The ſteady-gazing Prey:
But I'll avoid that common Snare,
For tho' I like and prize the Fair,
J'aime la Liberté.

III.

Thus *Daphnis* ſung, 'till t'other Night
He danc'd with all that gives Delight,
And charms the Soul away:
No more he rails at *Hymen*'s Chain,
Nor e'er was heard to ſing again,
"*J'aime la Liberté.*"

The ABSENT LOVER, *(Spoken extempore.)*

WHEN abſent from the lovely Maid,
A Thouſand well-laid Schemes I plan,
When preſent, it may well be ſaid
I'm then indeed the abſent Man.

A SONG.

I.

SEE, *Myra*, on that Tow'r-kept Crown
What crowding Numbers daily gaze?
And tho' admir'd by many a Clown,
Is it impair'd in Shew or Praiſe?

So tho' I ogled on your Breaſt,
And view'd my Crown and Scepter there;
Why are you angry if I'm bleſt
Are you leſs modeſt, or leſs fair?

III.

Then treat me not, dear Nymph, with Scorn,
Nor bluſh to've caught a wanton Eye.
The Roſe, with its unhappy Thorn,
That is unſeen, unprais'd muſt die.

Verſes wrote in a Prayer Book while at Church in Peterborough *Minſter.*

I.

'TIS well ſome Centuries ago
To Heav'n the good St. *Peter* went;
For had he ſtay'd with us below,
By Gad he ne're had been a Saint.

II.

For had he liv'd to ſee his Choir
Deck'd with the Beauties of this Town;
The *Pendleton*'s, the *Godfrey*'s Fire,
The Softneſs of my much-lov'd *Brown*.

Little's

III.

Little's ſuperior, graceful Air,
The *Claverings*, gentle, chaſte, and kind.
And *Booker*'s Ebon-poliſh'd Hair,
With *Touchet*'s better Part her Mind,

IV.

The hapleſs Fiſherman had ſigh'd;
But doom'd by Fate to die a Martyr,
We'd ſeen the Saint uncrucify'd,
The Lover ſnickled in his Garter.

† *The* NIGHTINGALE.

THE Nightingale by Day, by Night the ſame,
While Spring and Beauty warm his little Breaſt,
Thoughtful of Joy, impatient of his Flame,
Labours unſeen, and builds his thorny Neſt.

† Wrote while a Student at *Lincoln's Inn*.

But to amuſe the Love-inſpired Toil,
And ſhew his Miſtreſs he deſerves her Choice,
He pours in Murmurs like the ſev'n-mouth'd *Nile*
The lute-ſtring'd Confluence of his fruitful Voice.

So at the Law I drudge by Night and Morn,
There make a Neſt, (but not without its Thorn)
Wherein to bill my Dove, and rear our Young.

But to fill up the hideous Gap of Time,
And ſhew my Miſtreſs how I'm ſkill'd in Rhyme,
I chant her Praiſe in moſt bewitching Song.

An ODE *on* SCANDAL.

I.

HAD I e're ſhew'd a daſtard Mind,
Betray'd my Friend, or ſold my King;
With Reaſon might your North-eaſt Wind
Blaſt the fair Bloſſoms of my Spring.

II.

Or had I loſt in Fortune's Wheel
Without Intent or Fund to pay,
Then might your bar-croſs'd, deep-grav'd Seal
Stamp RASCAL on my baſtard Clay.

III.

But while ſharp Proofs the World aſſure
My Heart is juſt, beyond a Doubt,
Tho' Scandal ſhoot her Dart, ſecure
Within, I've nought to fear *without*.

IV.

Pinchbeck and Gold alike may ſhine,
And either Metal cheat the View,
But when they paſs the Ordeal-Fine,
The fiery Trial ſhews the true.

V.

Then Scandal ceaſe your Sword-edg'd Breath,
Nor ſtabbing blot my fair-wrote Name,
What? will you doom the Sun to Death,
'Cauſe he not always ſeems the ſame.

VI.

What? cauſe beneath a Cloud he lies,
Muſt he be thought to've loſt all Light?
Still, ſtill he ſhines to upper Skies,
His Beams unſoil'd, his Glory bright.

A CALCULATION *of my* AMOURS.

COUD'ST thou count me all the Leaves
That *October*'s Lap receives,
Or the Waves that ſtaggering reel
To and fro from Port to *Deal*.
Coud'ſt thou reckon up each Sand,
When the Tide has left the Strand;

Or the Shells that glitter there,
Or the Locks of *Myra*'s Hair:
Thou alone (I wou'd agree,)
Teller of my Loves ſhoud'ſt be.

Take your Pen, begin the Score,
Set the *Rounds* at Ninety-four.
At *Vauxhall* where none cou'd ſee
Number down *my Graces three.*
At St. *James*'s juſt thirteen;
Twelve were Ladies, one——a Dean.
In the City write down Ten,
All, the Wives of Aldermen.
One near *Brentford*, a brisk Dame
Mighty cautious of her Fame.
Five, upon the Road, between
Chelſea Church and *Parſon's Green.*
One at *Fulbeck* brown her Hair,
One at *Lead'nam* Snowy-fair.

While at † *Guilsbro'*, mark down four,
While at *Oxford* twice threescore.
Where St. *Peter*'s ‡ Spire-robb'd Fane
Shews the Monks were rich, and vain.
There and in each neighb'ring Town
Mark at least five hundred down.
For the Nymphs that drink the ‖ *Nine*
All, like *Venus*, are divine.
Beauty fix'd its Standard there,
Lillies look not half so fair.
But as in those Flow'rs we spy
Spots that shew a yellow Dye:
So these Nymphs (but not in View)
Have some § Spots of yellow too.

† *Guilsbro'* a School in *Northamptonshire* of great Repute, and where the Author was Five Years, under the Care of that ingenious and worthy Divine Mr. *Horton*.

‡ The Cathedral Church of *Peterborough* is a magnificent Superb *Gothic* Building; one of the chief Spires is left entirely unfinish'd, or rather not begun.

‖ *Nine*. The River *Nine* flows by *Peterborough*.

§ The Inhabitants of this Place being situated near the Fens, are not Strangers to the (perhaps undeserved) Epithets of Bog-Trotters, Yellow Bellies, Freckle-Bellies, and many of the like Signification.

Which dear Spots cou'd I behold,
Miſer-like I'd kiſs the Gold.

But, my Friend, thou haſt not done;
No, thou'ſt ſcarcely yet begun.
All thoſe Numbers thou'ſt not told,
Which, e'en now, my Arms enfold:
Nymphs that, in a poliſh'd Age,
Dance, or ſing, or tread the Stage;
By whoſe Cheeks we might agree
That they ſprung from the Red Sea;
But their Manners make it plain
That they're Daughters of the † *Seine.*

Yet you've ſtill a Task to come,
Wyngate ſcarce cou'd count the Sum.
Legions kiſs'd, from old *Verſailles*
Down the *Rhône* and to *Marſeilles.*

† The River *Seine* runs thro' the City of *Paris*, where Ladies of Fashion, and Actresses on the Stage are particularly remarkable for the immoderate Quantity of Rouge they put upon their Cheeks.

From *Marſeilles* I ſteer my Way,
Up the Sea of *Genoa*:
Till at length fatigu'd I land,
Lucca, on thy Olive Strand.
Then to *Florence* Poſt I ride,
(† *Arno* is my faithful Guide.)
There a thouſand Nymphs I try,
There a thouſand Nymphs comply.
While I breath'd *Bologna*'s Air
I enjoy'd three Virgins there:
Virgins, if I'm not deceiv'd,
So they ſwore, and I believ'd.
Twenty Beauties make me ſtay
Full three Weeks at *Farara*.
Thence I croſs the fabled *Po*,
And arrive at *Rovigo*;
Where I quench a Lover's Flame
Fifty Times at † *Adrio*'s Stream.

† The River *Arno* flows from *Lucca* to *Florence*.
† *Adrio*, a River in the Neighbourhood of *Rovigo*.

Still

Still in Search of new Delights,
Padoua now my Taſte invites;
Where I hear the Whiſper ſay,
Forty Times at leaſt, "*Qui è?*" *
On the Wings of Love I fly,
Lo! the *Carnaval* is nigh.
Strait to *Venice* I repair.—
Good Sir, if you're going there,
My Diſcharge I humbly ask,
I'm unequal to the Task;
Your Amours, I find at laſt,
For my Pen are much too faſt.
What? already doſt give o'er?
Why I've Millions yet to ſcore?
For when † *Cupid* t'other Day
Had ſhot all his Darts away,

* When a young Gentleman raps at an *Italian* Miſtreſs's Door, ſhe generally looks out from the Window, and in a ſoft Voice asks, "*Qui è?*"

† See Page 25—v. 19, 20.
Shortly ends th' unequal Fray,
Love ſhot all his Darts away, &c.

I muſt own indeed my Heart
Was the Butt that lodg'd each Dart;
And 'twas wounded ſo all o'er,
There's not Room for one Wound more.
But by Diminution ſtrange,
(Still I wonder at the Change)
All thoſe little Wounds are gone,
Metamorphos'd into One:
Into ONE at *Bath* they grew,
Myra, when I firſt ſaw you.

INSTRUCTIONS *to* LENS *to draw* Sally Lane's *Picture.*

MASTER of the *Rhodian* Art
Draw the Miſtreſs of my Heart,
Draw me, *Lens*, her dying Air,
Make her loving, as ſhe's fair.
Let me firſt her Locks behold,
Colour'd with the pureſt Gold:

Like ‖ *Dione*'s let them be,
Riſing naked from the Sea.
In her Temples place a Vein,
Dye it with an azure Stain,
Nought but Kiſſes let it wear,
For I've ſtamp'd a Thouſand there.
That her Eye-brows may be known,
Arch them with your lighteſt brown,
Gently bend the curving Line,
Make it delicately fine.
Underneath each Arch expreſs
All that is of Tenderneſs.
Paint thoſe Eyes that I admire,
Make them languiſh with Deſire,
Tinge them with your cleareſt Blue,
Make them ſeem for Peace to ſue;
Yet their Vigour let them beam
Then, when ſuing moſt they ſeem.

+ *His ego contulerim quas quondam nuda Dionæ*
Pingitur humenti ſuſtinuiſſe manu.

OVID.

Sweetly

Sweetly ſmiling as ſhe ſpeaks,
Catch the Dimples in her Checks:
In whoſe hollow, ſoft Abode
Hide the little amorous God:
There the Roſes red and white,
With the downy Peach unite,
And the bluſhing Poppy cull,
With the Bloom of *Spaniſh* Wool.
Yet I fear your *Rhodian* Art
Cannot thoſe dear Looks impart,
Which, while I enraptur'd view,
Jove, I am more bleſs'd than you.

Let her well-made Noſe declare
Its peculiar ſprightly Air;
Make it elevate its Tip
Somewhat ſlanting to the Lip.

Paint me now, with all your Skill,
Lips to make an Eunuch bill.
Moiſt and fleſhy let them be,
Darting Kiſſes---all for me.

For from me they ſhou'd not give
One, to keep my † God alive.
But thou can'ſt not paint the Senſe,
Nor the Wit, that flows from thence.
Canſt thou make them lewdly ask
To renew the pleaſing Task?
Can the ſweet Confuſion ſay,
" Don't."—" my Soul."—" oh!"—" do not."—" hhey."
No—the Exterior only paint,
Make her ſeem a very Saint;
And her modeſt Looks ſo coy
Ne'er will give thy Quill the Lie.
Next deſcribe her amorous Chin
Border'd with an Ermin's Skin.
Joining there, her Neck I'd ſee
Whiter than its ‡ Ivory.

† *Cupid.* ‡ *Lens* paints on Ivory.

Make it turning, brightly ſhine.
Breathing § Odours, dropping Wine.
Let its Length be well expreſs'd,
Soft and graceful like the reſt.
Then the ſtately Column place
On its firm and ſnowy Baſe;
Where I'd have your Art diſplay
The celeſtial Milky Way.
Let it guide th' enamour'd Sight
To the Seat of ſoft Delight.
There two ſpotleſs Snow-balls ſhew,
Hand-preſs'd by her Love-loſt Beau:
Till they tight and round appear,
Like a well form'd Hemiſphere.
If the rival Down you paint,
See the Likeneſs be but faint;
Leſt grown jealous I ſhou'd ſwear
Leda's *Jupiter* is there.

§ *Divinos afflavit Odores.*

On each Breaſt, in Scarlet dy'd
Let the Nipple ſwell its Pride:
Make it pout its cockiſh Tip
Humid from the nibbling Lip;
Small and flavour'd let it be,
Like the Red Wood-Strawberry.

Make her Shape from thence deſcend
Juſtly pointing to its End;
Give it all its nat'ral Eaſe,
Make it taper by Degrees,
That the well-proportion'd Cone
May become ſo rich a Zone.

Here I'd have a Veil conceal
What's too luſcious to reveal.
For ſhoud'ſt thou or I declare
Half the Sweets that center there,
More than half the World wou'd be
Envious of thy Bliſs, and me.

Here thy curious Labours leave,
And thy Praiſes due receive.

Which the Portrait wou'd proclaim,
Was I silent of thy Fame;
Since none else wou'd be so vain
As to draw my *Sally Lane*.
Nor wou'd Nymph so fair as she
Set to any One, but Thee.

The BANQUET.

WITH our Rosy Chaplets crown'd,
Let the sprightly Bowl go round.
Let's be *debonnaire* and gay,
Brecknock gives the Feast to Day
Barbarini 's to be there,
Dancing to an Ideot Air.
But her Minuet she denies,
Lest our Hearts should curse our Eyes.
Handle strikes the Genial String,
Monticelli is to sing,

Come,

Come, my *Monticelli*, come,
Sweet thy Breath as *Saba*'s Gum:
But thy Voice more ſweet and clear
When it ſings " *non poſſo dire.*"

Gold-hair'd *Cupid* will be there,
And young *Bacchus* ever fair,
Venus too, he meant t' invite,
But miſtook her in the Night,
But his Error is our Gain,
For he ask'd his *Sally Lane.*

The DOVE.

PRETTY Dove, I prithee ſay,
Whence, and where thou wing'ſt thy Way?
Whence theſe aromatic Gales
Which thy Breath in Show'rs exhales,
As the Wing-cut Path you try,
Sweet Perfumer of the Sky,

Tell me, for I long to know,
Who's thy Maſter, tell me who?
Brecknock, young Love-luthing Swain,
Sent me to his *Sally Lane*.
Beauty's Queen---for t'other Day,
When their † Feaſt had made them gay;
When they crack'd the merry Joke,
And the Wine-told Truth was ſpoke;
Then they all agreed to ſwear
Venus was not half ſo fair.
Brecknock then the Banquet gave,
And I tell you I'm his Slave.
For, with an undaunted Soul,
When of late a Quill he ſtole
From *Anacreon*'s Wing-pluck'd Swan,
(Blame *Promethean* Thefts, who can)
He with that a Picture drew,
And that Picture, *Lane*, was you.

† See the preceeding Ode.

Much its Beauties were admir'd,
Copies ev'ry Day desir'd,
Till at length to Heav'n it came
By the Flying Post call'd Fame.
When the Picture there was shewn
Venus took it for her own.
Thinking, in the Tongues of Men,
Venus was the same with *Lane*.
And contented with her Bard,
Gave him me, as a Reward.
Broke her Yoke, no more I bear
Her gilt Chariot thro' the Air.
But on *Brecknock* now attend,
Less my Master than my Friend.
And he tells me with a Beck,
See this Letter on my Neck,
When I've bore it, *Lane*, to thee,
Mr will he'll set me free.

† See the preceding Ode.

But his Service I'll not quit;
No---I fare too well in it.
Pray, what Need is there, that I
To the Fields and Groves ſhould fly;
Wet my Plumes, benumb'd my Feet,
And what's worſe, no Food to eat,
Save, when ſtarv'd I ſeek Relief
From the Cole-ſeeds ranky Leaf.
Now I eat the beſt *French* Bread;
From my Maſter's Hand I'm fed.
Pleas'd he ſees my Glutton-haſte
Snatch the Pellet-moulded Paſte.
Wine I drink, the ſame as he,
Port, *Champaign*, or *Burgundy*.
Tipſy grown, I reeling go,
While he laughs to ſee me ſo.
Oft I fan him with my Wing,
Changing Summer into Spring.

But when Night approaches nigh,
And the Lid drops o'er my Eye,
On his Lyre I lay my Head,
Softer than the ſofteſt Bed.
There—I've told you all, my Friend;
That my Story here may end,
Pray be gone: For, Sir, your Stay
Makes me prattle like a Jay.

III.

VERSES to *DELIA.*

I.

I Sigh'd, grew pale, and droop'd my Head
And nothing for a Fortnight ſaid,
At which the Ladies wonder'd:
At this I gravely made a Pauſe,
And reaſon'd with myſelf the Cauſe,
On which I ne'er had blunder'd.

But

II.

Had not my *Delia*, lovely Maid,
† A Song into my Hands convey'd,
Which when I'd caſt an Eye on,
The Mirror inſtantly did ſhew
The real Cauſe of all my Woe,
The Shepherd's Caſe was my own.

III.

Then wonder not I look ſo ſtupid,
Since now you know, dear Ladies, *Cupid*
Has pierc'd my Heart quite thorough.
And I ſhall quickly grow more ſilly,
Unleſs I get the Roſe and Lilly
Of holy *Peter*'s Borough.

† This was the Song of *Delia*.

" When *Delia* on the Plain appears,
" Aw'd with a Thouſand tender Fears,
" I wou'd approach, but dare not move!
" Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love?

IV.

But, † Doctor, ſince you often tell
Your Friend, you re'lly love him well,
Cauſe he's a Youth ſo daring:
Pray ſend him ſtraight a Sudorific,
He means that lovely ſweet Specific
Of yoür and your Wife's preparing.

On GOLD.

COU'D Gold a longer Date procure
Or ‡ *Mitchel*-like my Life inſure?
Wou'd Death content wheel off from me,
Like a Phyſician with his Fee;
Or cou'd I by a greater Loan
Keep off the Tooth-ach, Gout, or Stone.
I'd quit my Goſpel, (falſe or true,)
Cut my Præputium, and turn *Jew*;

† Father to *Delia*.
‡ *Mitchel*, Chief Officer for the Inſurances upon Lives.

I'd dive into the Foot-plumb'd Sea,
To weigh up *Crates'* Treasury.
Nay, when I was beneath the † Bell,
I'd force a Passage down to Hell;
And, as *Æneas* did of old,
I'd bear away whole Boughs of Gold;
Nor need the Tree its Loss deplore,
Since straight reblooms the gather'd Ore.
In *Tagus* Streams I'd search for Pelf,
And bathe, till I grew Gold myself.
Gold I wou'd have, and have as much
As *Midas* did, and did not touch.
But since grey Death and Wisemen hold,
There's no intrinsic Worth in Gold,
Like Filth I'll spurn the yellow Scum,
Nor sweat myself to raise the Plumb.
No Tears my Brow, nor Eyes shall shed,
They'd rot my Life's too thin spun Thread.

† The Diving-Bell.

No, let me rather pierce the Cask,
Nor other Boon, ye Gods, I ask,
But that my Fortune I may spend
Upon my Mistress and my Friend.
When dead—what boots the hoarded Mine?
'Tis Use, that makes the Metal shine.

A NEW-YEAR'S ODE.

I.

AGAIN the † Serpent roll'd up Time
Compleats its Round, and casts its Mail;
Nor more its venom'd Tongue we fear,
Stop'd by its ‡ *Harpocratic* Tail.

† The *Egyptians* symboliz'd the Year by a Serpent with his Tail in his Mouth.

‡ *Harpocrate* is the God of Silence, always represented with one Finger upon his Lip.

II.

Hatch'd, and bred up in *Scotian* Mire,
It soon got Strength, and hiss'd its Way,
While the curs'd Worm's innate Desire
First on its Mother learnt to prey.

III.

Then tempted with the Golden Fruit
That in fair *Albion*'s Garden grew:
Hither strait crawl'd th' ill-favour'd Brute
With all his Brother-reptile Crew;

IV.

But the Guard-Angel of our Isle
With prying Search the Devil found;
And spurning crush'd the Miscreant vile,
And left him on the Death-bed Ground.

V.

Rebellion slain, succeeding Years
We'll symbol by the golden † Ring:
Again the Golden Age appears;
No Iron Chains, while GEORGE is King.

The DIRGE.

I.

WHEN, dear *Betsy*, first I view'd
Where *Wey* chalks out its Milky Stream,
The Beaus how brisk, the Belles how gay,
Inspir'd the Poet's tuneful Lay!
The Hops in thicker Clusters hung,
In louder Strains the Lab'rers sung;

† The *Romans* represented the Year by a Ring.

All look'd as Jollity and Smile
Had pitch'd their Tents on *Farnham*'s Soil.

II.

But since Fate clos'd my *Vernon*'s Eye,
The Pride of Men, the Women's Joy,
All looks as Horror and Despair
Had fix'd their Habitation there,
Wey's muddy Tears his Death deplore,
The Virgins dance and love no more;
The Muses chant a dirgeful Style,
And mourn the Loss of *Farnham*'s Soil.

A DRINKING SONG, *from the* FRENCH.

Night of the Bottle and the Bowl
Fill out a Bumper to each Soul;
Tho' the snarling Critics growl.
Gods! what a Joy it is to drink?
Fill then a Bumper to each Soul,
And let's make our Glasses chink.

On

On LOVE.

YE conſtant Swains, who boaſt your Love
Is ſymbol'd by the Turtle Dove,
You and your ſtale Amours I ſlight;
For born an Epicure in Joys,
My Fancy like the Swallow flies
Where'er the Blooms of Spring invite.

TERRA INCOGNITA.

WHERE many a well-plum'd Rook is ſeen;
Where many a Gold-fleec'd Dupe has been;
Where many an itchy Hand is ſcratch'd;
Where many a pimpled Face is waſh'd;
Where many a City Dame adorns
Her Nacky's Brows with Gold-tipt Horns;
Where many a Widow pawns her Land
To have her *Frigate* ſtoutly manned.

The

Where many a Nymph is thought a Maid,
That oft with *Cupid*'s Dart has play'd.
Where many a Bawding Leg and Nose
Procure rich Wives for *Iriſh* Beaus.
Where many a *Scotchman* ſcorns to rub,
(For *Scotchmen* never have the Scrub.)
Where many an *Engliſhman* wou'd dance,
Had he but learn'd at Home—or *France*.
Where many a Scheeming Belle and Beau
Are ſure to win at E and O.
Where Squire, nor Yeoman, nor Lord,
Nor Sunday-'Prentice wears a Sword.
Where only one White Hat we find
Fit Emblem of the Wearer's Mind.
Where—but moſt Geographers agree
Such Place ne'er was, nor ere can be.